THE LAST.

something after all this sort uition from the harrowed past. ay, for this pacing to and fro. nbeam and dear flowers at last

I be something when these days ar

shing more fair by far than starr

ect limitless, as one by one olied castles crown the airy heights

er up, heart, and for that morrow wait am what you will, but press toward the TRAM :

ancy guide dull effort through the gate face the current, would she cross the viresm.

ber, when that something I es athwart th

Goning un ought, as gool things seem to

Twill prove beneath the flush of setting day A nobler meed than now would beckon you

or, lifted up by constant, forward strife, Ecpe will attain so marvelous a height, There can be nothing found within this life After this day to form a fitting night.

Beaven, alone, shall ever satisfy, And God's own light be ever light enough gaide the parified, eunobled eye Toward the smooth which lies beyond t

yough.

Pa:

bare will be something when these cloud, skim by-

A beartoous yielding from the fruitful past First peace and rest upon the pathway lie, Eine though but death and flowers at last.

A MAN OF NERVE.

Whole Murat was in Madrid, he wa fortagal; but all the roads to London warmed with guerrillas, and with the

to the composing Castanos' army. The rat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian emassador to Spain.

Russia it is well known, was at that im app, only the ally, but the friend of France. M De Strogonoff told Murat that it has the easiest thing in the which is the Russian Admiral Sinia-via, and he, "is in the port at Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your rive me the most intelligent or your Polish inders; I will dress him up in s the dispatches for the Admiral-all all set well, even if he should be taken The dozen times between this the Roon. for the insurgent army is t will be careful not to furnish a pretext for rupture.

Merap was delighted with this ingecious scheme. He asked Kransinski, him to brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterward the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corrie for whom he pledged his life; his hame was Leckinski, and he was ut gehteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young mar court so imminent a danger; for, to rem detected, his doom was seal-hurat could not help remarking Tole the risk he was about to run. The Some Smiled. "Let your imperial ightess give me my instructions," an wered he, respectfully, "and I will anive a point account of the mission I BoBomrades, for all of them would ave counced this distinction."

and he gave me a receipt. I was near History of the Old Peem "Sir Vita." him an hour, and recollect him. When we caught him. I told my comrade, this is the French officer I delivered my forng to.'

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted he was a Russian, and he could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of that kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that elemency as impossible.

said he, "will you then risk But. quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality ve are so anxiously asking for?"

'No,' said the officer, 'but let us tr bis man.

Leekinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and .nrown into a room worthy to have need one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its worst days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoaer he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed upon him he had fasted eighteen houts; no wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost sense-less on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize, in his gloom, the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course; but to die at eighteen—so suddenly! But youth and fatigue flaally yielded to the approach of sleep, and he was soon bu-ried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly, and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of

a lamp; the visitor bent over the pris-oner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice, a woman's oice, asked him:

'Do you want to eat?'

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female. rose up on his couch and, with his eyes only half opened, said in German, 'What do you want ?

Give the man something to eat at ouce,' said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, 'and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of

himself? The thing is impossible.' But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of the Frenchman, who had been cru elly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not one

word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him. Leckinski, when taken back to the prison, hailed it with a shout of joy: or twelve hours he had nothing but gibbets and death, in its most horrid

orms, before his eyes, exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions demons. He slept, however, after the harrassing excitement of the day. and soundly, too; when in the midst of his deep and death-like slumber, the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice

BT W. J. A. VORT Having perused the history of the aid poem on Man's Mortality, far back in the records of the past, I am able to furnish the press with a version which,

as far as it goes, is correct. I have often seen fragments of the piece scattered here and there among the lotsam and jetaam of literature,-yet never but once did I see them published in their entirety. The completed poem consists of four stanzas, but I am unable, at this writing, to find the last stanza, -albeit I have consulted a number of books, -and will be obliged to let them remain as they are.

A writer in the Ashland (Oregon) Tidings says that "it was written by an Englishman, Samuel Westell, who died in about 1630." Such is not the case. The poem was written by an English poet, Henry King, who flourished from 591 to 1669.

The peculiar beauty of these exquisite lines, so graceful, expressive and suggestive, lies in the profusion of illustrations crowded into so brief a space, each preserving its own individuality, and none repeating the idea presented by any of those preceding it. They have a very strong resemblance to Motherwell's very fine poem entitled. What is Glory?"

Deeming them worthy of reproduc tion, I send them to your valuable paper revised and corrected, and am con-fident they will be treasured by many

of your readers: SIC VITA, OR MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like to the damask rose you see,

Or like the blossom on the tree. Or like the dainty flower of May,

Or like the morning of the day, Or like the sun, or like the shade,

Or like the gourd that Jonah made, Ev'n so is man, whose thread is spun.

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done. The rose withers, the blossom blasteth. The flower fades, the morning basteth.

The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes, and man he dies

Like to the grass that's nearly sprung. Or like a tale that's new begun,

Or like the bird that's here to-day. Or like the pearly dew of May, Or like an hour, or like a span, Or like the slaging of a swan,-

Ev'n so is man, who lives by breath Is here, now there, in life, in death The grass withers, the tale is ended. The bird is flown, the dew's ascended The hour is short, the span not long.

The swan's near death-man's life is done Like to the falling of a star, Or as the flights of engles are,

Or like the fresh spring's gaud, hue. Or silver drops of morning dew, Or like a wind that chafes the flood.

Or bubbles which on water stood,-Ev'n so is man, whose borrowed light Is straight called in, and paid to-night The wind blows out, the bubble dies.

The spring, entombed, in autumn lies, The dew dries up, the star is shot, The flight is past, and man-forgot. -State Press Inma City, Inter.

Iowa Weather Service.

September, 1878, was clear, calm

English Hamor.

Italle type play an important part in the construction of English humor. The Italic cases in the printing office of a London comic weekly bear the same proportion to the Roman as the Roman do to the Italic in an American newspaper office-about twelve to one. The parenthesis is another prominent feature in developing the British pun; and the compositor has his box of "paren." in his lower case, for greater convenience. In nine cases out of ten, the joke that is too feeble to stand without being supported by italics, or has to be explained in parenthesis, is worthy only a place in the waste basket. The average Englishman however, may not possess that same keen instinct in de

tecting a pun that is inherent in the American reader: hence, it is imperative that Italics be em doved as tingerboards, and if the point is still a little obscure, he wants it parenthicaly explained. He reads something in his comic weekly in the morning, and sev-

eral hours fater it suddenly occurs to him that it was a joke, and he goes off in a cachinnatory explosion. As American would either see the joke in an instant or -never. We append a few specimens of the

English method of building puns gleaned from recent numbers of a comic weekly. Here is a sample with the parenthesis attachment:

"What little flower is produced by the union of two agricultural implemente? A rose bud (harrow spud).

This, to use a John Bullism, is aw-fully awful. And here is another, a little worse, which we find in the same number:

"If you took your ulster to a French laundress to be cleaned, what Canadian province would she probably mention? Nova Scotia (no vash coats here)."

Talk of Bulgarian atrocities after that! If a man was to submit such a disbolical thing to an American editor. he would be paid for his temerity by being quartered into at least six pieces, and the coroner's jury, upon learning all the facts of the case, would acquit the editor on the ground of self-defense. Here is another popular style of employing the parenthesis:

"When does a baby-farmer prove more than a mother to her baby charge? When she is its (s) motherer.

We now come to the Italic feature, and here is a fair sample: "A public meeting was held on Mon-

day to settle the question of tare on hops. As the season is just commencing it was thought to be a hopportunity to decide this weighty matter. For ourselves, we always believe in an allowance for fair wear and tear."

The Italics here are about as much use as the third leg on a chicken. And

the same may be said of the following: "At Hinckley, on Tuesday, three lads were found guilty of breaking open six missionary boxes belonging to the church, and were sentenced to be im-prisoned and birched. One of these sacrilegious young wretches was named Arthur Wheat, which cognomen is strangely suggestive of threshing. We hope they boxed the cars of Wheat, for that would be sure to go against the grain

The thoughtfulness that suggested italicising the cereal part of a boy's name takes a firm hold of our admiration.

dred, and sixty-eight have been discorered, and only a portion of those have been translated.

At the Outset of Married Life.

To give yourself away in a true love is the beginning of true humility and usefulness. The man or maiden who opens that golden gate lives henceforth a swaeter and detter atmosphere. Do but be true to your higher instincts: do but cultivate candor and simplicity and tidelity, and I have every hope for you. But never let it pazs from your thoughts how much depends upon you now if you would secure not only love, but respect. Every married man and woman passes through a transition after they come to know each other thoroughly, and ever after they love each other more or less. If they are patient with each other's faults, and try to keep the fairest face on all things-try to make the best of all things-they will tind a new bond of union in this mutual helpfulness, which is the truest office of love.

But if, when they find out that they care each not angels, not altogether perfect, they become indifferent and neglectful, then alas for both! Beware of this. The sum of human happiness is made up of numberless little things. It is not the great things great presents, great occasions or great demon-strations of any kind which will make you happy; but the many nameless courtesies and surprises of affection. the neat looks and kind words and gentle ways and profound respect of true love-it is these little things which, falling drop by drop, like spring showers upon the frozen earth, melt sway all that is cold and hard in our natures and make them bud and bloom with

A Heathen Parrot in a Christian Home.

A few days ago a citizen who had been on the lookout for a parrot for some time, was riding by a house on Prospect street when the very bird he wanted was suddenly discovered. Having convinced himself that Poll was a good talker, he soon struck a bargain and bore her away from the colored woman, who needed cash more than pets. Ten days passed and yet Poll did not utter a note, though she had every care and seemed healthy enough. The former owner was sent for to solve the mystery, and there was a huge grin on her countenance as she obeyed the summons.

'Nuffin ails dat bird-nuffin, tall,'cept dat you doan understan him,' she explained, as she looked into the cage. Placing the cage on a chair on the veranda, she gave it a shake, drew a

long breath, and began: 'Now, den, you infernal, mis'ble, iyin, cheatin - ! wake up an gin us- ! an let dis gem'len see dat you am all right, an ye! doan be sulkin roun no mo! Wake up dar! you black-guard! Hoop up da: voice, ye vil-

The parrot immediately woke up and began chattering and singing, and in a minute was altogether a new bird. 'Yer see, dis yere bird must be swore at rig'larly twice a day,' explained the woman, 'or he won't gin a single squawk. He's been brung up dat way.

an ye'll hev to humor him in it.' ut I car

Jones and the Barber.

Ah' I'm in luck,' said Jones, stered the barber shop and found the barber reading a paper, 'won't have to wait for my next, and he tossed his hat in the corner, and seated himself for a diave.

How is this,' said the barber, reading from a paper that marks its witty column with a blue pencil: 'by George how's this: pretty good, I take it,' and he read-

Did vou ever see a pump handle anything? Did you ever see a witty cism Who ever saw a dog call her?' and the good barber laughed heartily at these scintillations of wit, and said that some of those fellows are most blamed ciev-

Then he turned to the yellow fever lepartment, and, after reading three or four dispatches, asked Jones if he thought the scourge would reach Oil

Jones said there was a possibility it would get here by the middle of winter. and he would like to be fixed up and haved before it arrived.

The barber said it was a terrible thing, yawned, laid down the paper. and shuffled up to the chair. He arranged the towels about Jones' neck. felt of his beard, run this fingers thro' his hair, scrutinized a wart on the side of his nose, turned his lower lip down over his chin, and asked him if he had his tooth fixed in the oil regions or in New York.

Jones answered as best he could, conidering that the barber still kept his lip hauled down tight.

After examing the dental work on the tooth, which he unhesitatingly pro-nounced a 'good job,' the barber let go of Jones' lip, and went out to throw a stone at a dog that was barking at a cat in the back yard.

When he came back, Jones said he would like to be shaved as quickly as possible, as he was in somewhat of a hurry.

"Certainly, certainly,' said the bar-ber, and spread the lather over Jones' face, and began to hunt for a razor. After examining several, he began to slap the strap with one, while he remarked that fall had probably set in in real earnest, and that the base ball fever was about as bad as ever, etc. Giving the razor one pull down over the side of Jones' face, he wiped off the blade, laid it down and took up another, examined its edge, and whipped the strap with it as before, asking Jones if he thought business was really picking up any, and if he thought it would rain.

Jones moved uneasily on the stocks. and said he was sure there would be a storm, and he wanted to get shaved and have his mustache waxed before the lood came.

The barber grew pale around the mouth, and his lip quivered. 'You said that once before.' he remarked curtly. Don't say it again, please, or there'll be trouble. I'm a gentleman when dealing with a gentleman, but I know when I'm insulted, sir.'

'Well, confound it all.' said Jones. very much out of patience, 'I came here to get shaved, and not to be talked to death.

"O, you want to be shaved, do you." exclaimed the barber in a rage, 'you don't want to be talked to death, don't you! A barber can't open his mouth. can't he? O no; a barber is a doggoned machine, I suppose, and must move about his work like a wooden Injun in front of a cigar store. All right, all right! you shall be shaved and have your mustache waxed so blamed fast it'll mak - your head swim!" And, buckling down to his work, he haved Jones in two minutes and a half by the watch, and cut him seventeen imes by actual count. Moral Let a barber talk. It is cheapr than to be kept away from business for two or three days while you stop bleeding. - Oil City Derrick.

full luxuriance.

The prime argued favorably from the course man's modest resolution. The Reside empassador gave him his dis-producte he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal. The first two days passed over quietly.

bund nine atternoon of the third, Leck-inski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him, and drag-ged him before the commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth, it was Castanos himself. Reckinski was aware that he was lost,

m.were discovered to be a Frenchhe in tant, not tolet a single word of We escape him and to speak Rus sian and Gegman, which he dit with equal finence. The cries of rage of his rapters with on ficed the fate that await-eduction task dathe herrible murder of

chieften tand ashe herrible murder of Gena Reun inho had perished in the most dreadful fortures but a few weeks Fratore. Is he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to treeze the very blod. —Who are you?" said Castanos. In Franks, wiffeld language he spoke per-fect years a sign and answered in Ger-man's a sign and answered in Ger-

er let a yliable of French escape him. Inight, however, easily have for-the fathself, surrounded as he was fatyourdweager for his blood, and

waited, with savage impatience to him declared guilty, that is, a finance of fall upon him and nur-

Prenatic their fury was raised to a height the scape. Dre of te fanatical patriots. who from the dirst hid denomiced patriots, who from the dirst hid denomiced Leck-institutes a French sp, burst into the rooff drauging with him duan wearing the yoahen fricket, taly hat, and red plumere a spatish posant. The officer confroned him with the Pole, and anter 25

"When at this error and then say, if it true that has is. German or Russian. Is fait if a fear by my soul." The fear of meanwhile, was eying the proposed checky? Presently his dark higher out out approvith the fire of

"In optimie is a Frenchman!" Exclaimed he, elapping his hands. And be stated that having been in Madrid a few weeks perfore, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French berrack; "and," said he, "I recollect that this man took my load of forage. Statement Padding. Two eggs, two cups buttermilk, and half cup of butter, or one cup of cream, and one of butter-milk, one cup of currants, hilf tenspoon of sods, a little salt; to be eaten with sweetened cream, or sour sauce given on July 18.

whispered in his ear

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready.' And the brave young man hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life, come," answered still in German, "What do you want." Castanos, when he heard of this en periment and its result, said the Russian wis a noble young man; he saw

the true state of the case. The next morning, early, four men came to take him before a sort of court-martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk, they uttered most horrible threats against him; but true to his determintion, he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges, he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal, and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was. He was sent for. and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatckes of Admiral Piniavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and vehement as sertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story, and did not contradict himself once."

"Ask him," said the presiding offi cer, at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter put the question. "Certainly," said Leckinski. "I like the Spanish nation; I esteem it for its noble character; I wish our two nations

were friends." "Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says he hates us because we make war like banditti. that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation as one man to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski It is not generally known to what ex-had expected to be put to the test in tent we are indebted to worms for the some way, and he was determined to baffle all their attempts. "Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it

seems to me that this young man can not be suspected, the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the peril of our position, he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and dispatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit could be put to.

Steamed Pudding. Two eggs, two cups

warm and dry, except in the northeast, where the rainfall exceeded five inches. Nearly all rainstorms were also thunderstorms, over five of which occurred within the triangle bounded by lines drawn from Tabor to Algona and to Dubuque. The storms of the 19th, 24th and 29th were hail storms in several places.

At the Central Station the temperature of the air was 63.3 degrees, which is 2 degrees above normal. The rain-fall was 3.25 inches, which is 1.48 inches less than normal. Calms and southeasterly winds greatly prevailed. Only 2 days were cloudy. 15 were fair, and 3 were clear days.

In the State, the entire west and the southwest had less than three inches of rainfall. Over five inches fell in the northeast from Dubuque over Maquoketa and Waverly to Charles City: also from Blairsown to Albion. The high-est rainfalls reported are: Hopkintoa (Delaware county) 10:85 inches: Waverly, 7:37 inches: Decorah, 7:80 inch-

es. The lowest rainfalls reported are: Audubon county, 0.70, and Cass county, 0:94 inches.

The principal storms occurred on the 8th, 19th, 24th and 29th, all heavy thunderstorms, the three last accompanied with hail. Over two inches of rain fell during these storms, as follows: On the 8th from Blairstown over Albion to Waverly, and from Charles City to Cresco, also a. Fairfield: on the 19th. from Afton over Oskaloosa. Iowa City, Anamosa to Dubuque: on the 24th.from from Forest City to Winneshick county; on the 29th, from Hopkinton to Dubuque. The storm of the 24th was especially severe at Clermont.

Cold weather followed the storms of the first and second decades, but the slight frosts did hardly any damage. A very large sunspot was observed from the 4th until the 13th when it disappeared by the sun's rotation; no spot has yet been seen since that day.

GUSTAVUS HINRICHS.

Busy Workers Underground.

productiveness of our gardens and fields. It has been found by a series of experiments carried out by a German naturalist, that the tunnels made by worms into the earth are frequently of much service to plants whose roots occupy the channels that have thus been man the mould of our gardens, and fields too, is improved to an almost incon ceivable extent by the burrowings of this humble insect. Each worm in less than a week passes through its body its own weight in mould, and the soil thus produced is tine and light and extremely helpful to the growth of plants. When it is remembered that there are

in every acre some \$4,000 worms, and that in addition to forming every day about thirty seven pounds of fine mould, they open up the sub-soil and render it fertile, we shall gain some slight conception of our indebtedness to these apparently insignificant and generally unthought of little warkers.

Humorous sketch writing, as exhibited in the London comic papers, is not of an uproarous character. The major proportion of it has a decidely mild flavor. We give a sample, purporting to be the diary of a sportsman:

"Monday 12.-Glorious day for the grouse-or rather for the shootersrather a bad day for the grouse I should

say. Sun strikes through my window (which is a sort of a glass trap-door in the roof) right into my face. I wake with a start, and stretch my arms above my head; my knuckles come in violent contact with the ceiling: I start up with pain, and my head suffers in a like manner. Confound it! I grow more weary. Sliding sideways out of bed I alight on the floor, and carefully assume a sitting posture. My head does not touch the ceiling. I crawl until 1 reach the loftiest part of my chamber, and slowly rise to a perpen-dicular' 1 fit. In this condition I attempt to perform my morning toilet. Contusions on the head and abrasions on the elbows, however, soon induce me to relinquish the attitude and go about with my back bent in seeming

decrepitude which would discredit even my age. And so on, in the same hilarious and

mirth-provoking strain, to the extent of a column or more. Despite the poor quality of the samples quoted, how-ever, some of the English journals do frequently print some very clever humor.

But it is stolen from American papers. - Vorristown Herald.

The "Arabian Nights."

The original authors of the "Arabian Nights" are unknown: nor is it known with any certainty where or when the tales were written. It is believed, however, that many of them, as well as the plan of the work, were borrowed from collection of Persian tales, written a few years after the Hegira. The majority of them were written, beyond doubt either in Persia or Syria. is about 1454 That they were not composed previous to that time is evident from the fact that coffee is mentioned throughout them but three times, and tobacco bat once, and these references are presum-ed to be interpolations. Had these luxuries then been in use, they would most certainly have been made a feature in every tale. To Antoine Galland, a 'renchman, is the world indebted ' for the first translation of the "Arabian Nights" into an European language. He was born in 1646. Having acquainted himself with the Oriental language. he accompanied the French minister to Constantinople, and then visited the Holy Land. In 1665 he returned to Paris with so many rare medals and antiquities that he was dispatched to that country again to collect manuscript for the celebrated Colbert. This was in 1679, and it was during this tour that he probably came into possession of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." In 1682, the tales were translated into French and were soon read in almost every language. The original collection is called the stories of a "Thousand and One Nights," but thus far only five hun-

swear at him, woman belong to the church,' exclaimed the citizen. 'Den de missus will hev to, sah.

'My wife swear?'

Well, den, get de hired man, kase dis bird hez got to be swored at, an doan you forget it.'

Well, then, I don't want him at all. and you may take him away. No oaths shall ever be uttered on my premises, pets or no pets."

'Deed, sah, Ize a heap oblecged-1 iz. Now, den, you mis ble ole skinflint of a crow-bait, walk long home wid me or I'll knock de ---- head off vou shoulders; come long. I say: doan you feel shamed dat

'Cheese it! cheese it! cheese it!' shrieked the parrot in great anger, and as the bird was borne away, the citizen wiped his brow and very musingly

'This world is getting so wicked that a good man is scarcely safe in buying even a stone dog.' — Detroit Free Press.

A Broken Heart.

A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions, we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute bloodvessels; and "white" rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances cannot often be produced w thout the occurance of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, "pecially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr. Richardson, in the case of a member of his own profession.

"This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted by want of due control, to pass into a condition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every triffe in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves and when the attack was over there were hours of sorrow and regret in private which were as exhausting as the previous rage.

In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short, severe madness he suddenly felt, to use his own expression. as if his "heart were lost." He recled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock, and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittancy. "I am broken hearted." he would say, "physwas; but the knowledge of the broken heart tempered marvelously his passion and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder.

Georgia has 2.396 miles of railroads completed and in operation. or about one mile of railroad to 488 inhabitants.

The Old Man's New Hat.

We were coming up on the boat from sea Breeze, says a contemporary, when we met a traveler who was in the steam. boating business out West. He wished to tell us about the old man.

"Old man always wears a silk hat." he said. "That is, he always keeps it standing on the office counter until he hears a boat whistle, then he grabs it up, claps it on his head, and shoots out of the office like mad. Well, one day he bought a new hat. Glossy as light itself, stylish shape, white satin lining, just the tone. He set it down on the counter as usual, and some of the boys nailed it right down to the counter, tight as wax. Pretty soon. whoo-oo-oo! boat whistled up the river. the old man grabbed his hat, yanked it off at the top, and sailed away with the fringed edges of the lining fluttering out of the top of his tile, and he never knew a thing about it until he came back to the office and his eyes fell on the top of his new hat, nailed down to the counter with four ten-penny nails.

The traveler paused here and look-ed out of the cabin window. We asked:

"Was he very mad?"

The traveler looked at us.

"Young man," he said, "I'll tell you what he said, word for word, if you'll promise solmenly to put it in your aper."

But we had some misgivings, and wouldn't promise, the traveler was obstinate, and so we never heard, and don't know what remarks the old man felt called upon to make. We can only guess at their general nature, and we are never very good at guessing.

Ginger Snaps .- Two tablespoonfuls boiling water, three of hot shortening. one heaping of ginger, one teaspoon saleratus; put all in a cup and fill up with molasses ; repeat this as often as desired to make a sufficient quantity ; when all mixed, put in extra spoonful of shortening and one-half cup brown sugar : mix rather stiffy with flour bake quickly.

Lennon Be.-One lemon, one cup ugar, one tablespoonful cornstarch. rub smooth with a little water, onehalf cup boiling water, one egg; butter the size of a walnut ; one crust.

Another: One tablespoonful corn starch scalded with a cup of water ; pour outo one cup sugar, piece of butter the size of a small egg; cool, add one egg. juice of one lemon; baked with one crust